

## STAGE WORK TOO SEVERE.

Famous Actress Tells Why Her Sisters in Art Can't Stand the Awful Strain Put Upon Them.

SHE BLAMES THE MANAGERS.

It Didn't Happen Years Ago, but Then There Wasn't the Mad Rivalry and Rush that There is Nowadays.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

(Written Especially for The Evening World.)

Is it not time to call a halt when so very many of our brightest, bonniest young actresses are falling exhausted by the way?

The ranks close up, close up; the dramatic procession marches swiftly on, colors flying, drums beating—but is that right? Should not some one call a halt, to inquire at least what brought those fainting forms to the dust back there? Was the march too long—was the discipline too severe?

Thanks to Henry Bergh, the merciful, there is in New York to-day no horse who may be cruelly overworked or driven beyond its powers of endurance. If an officer of the S. P. C. A. is not at hand the public would interfere. But who may draw a line beyond which the young actress may not be driven, without heavy forfeit for the driver?

What is the meaning people ask of these prostrations, these sudden temporary retirements, these swift attacks of brain fever and the like?

They recall the long lives of those never resting workers, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Eliza Young, Mrs. Parren, &c. They acted from childhood to old age and knew not prostration or breakdown of any kind. What then is wrong, that these, our young actresses, in the very summer-tide of life, are breaking down in such alarming numbers?

Overwork? Yes, very likely. But who induces them to overwork themselves so cruelly? Who is responsible?

I recall the production of "Romeo and Juliet" for little Miss Adams. A delicate creature, she, with a will of adamant and the ambition of a Caesar. She was almost worn out, I was told, from long rehearsals, anxieties about a thousand details of costume, of properties, to say nothing of her own varying hopes and fears.

Well, she made a success. Naturally, she rallied at once.

She went to her manager's office for the delightful chat that belongs to such joyful occasions, and that manager showed her a pile of telegrams from out of town, asking for at least a few performances of Juliet before the season closed, and, instead of mere congratulations, he asked her if she could not double up the work and play some extra matinee performances of the heavy five-act tragedy. And she must have done that extra work upon bare nerves, animated by the elixir of triumph.

My heart was heavy for her, for I recalled the words of a plain-spoken German physician who came to me in San Francisco, at the wish of the manager, who begged him to get me through two more performances, crying that he could not lose so much money—no, he could not.

I had offered to buy the two nights from him, but my terms were not high enough.

At last the old doctor said: "Very well, I'll put her on her feet and give her a floutous strength that, backed by her dogged will, will carry her strength, but," he turned to me, "my young lady, you shall do your two nights' work, then you will pay me, and you will think all is settled—but you will be wrong. You will have another bill to pay by and by, to outraged Nature, and by God, it will be a heavy one! Shylock knew nothing of revenge compared to Nature. God will forgive if you repent—He has said so, but of Nature's never-forgiveness, never!"

I am paying to-day for a number of such offenses.

Is Miss Adams paying now for a too generous willingness to overwork in order to harvest many dollars for the manager whom she honors and serves?

"Ah, there you are! The manager is in the scramble for the dollar, not for his health, and alas, not for his star's health, either. He does not see how short-sighted is the policy that breaks a woman down that he may get his opening over ahead of another manager."

"It is the delicate, sensitive, nervous organization that is a charming actress and this is the organization that is most quickly thrown out of gear."

Had Miss Marlowe been a phlegmatic, chill-blooded woman without nerves, she would not have suffered at the delay on the other side of the ocean, but neither would she have been capable of playing Queen Flammitta.

She like a high-bred, restless young horse, fretted herself to exhaustion; then worked night and day here, sleepless from anxiety and overwork, eating food on the fly, pride and good faith to the manager, and then she was ready to play Queen Flammitta.

Of course she will recover and return to her work, and perhaps she will be wiser and less generous in the future, but I doubt it.

With managers and actresses were compelled to acquire some knowledge of physiology and to know something of the nervous structure of women; perhaps then both would understand that ignoring sleep and food, exercise and producing heavy plays by nervous strength alone, leads by a short cut to the hospital.

Surely it would be cheaper for a manager to delay an opening two or three nights, than to close up for two or three weeks, while his star slowly recovers from overwork.

The amount of work done by those doughty actors of the past, and yet there is a certain common sense and reasonableness about it all. The managers were not so much interested in the money as they are to-day—clover men, as it is in office and fit to be called.

Some of the people as do the common managers of to-day—clover men, as it is in office and fit to be called.

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## FIVE NOTED ACTRESSES HAVE SUCCEMIBED TO NERVOUS STRAIN OF EXACTING STAGE WORK.



**MAUDE ADAMS**—Engagement postponed because of nervous illness occasioned by worry over new season.

**JULIA MARLOWE**—Tour in "Queen Flammitta" abandoned by reason of nervous collapse resulting from playing highly emotional role. Now resting near Hot Springs, Va.

**MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL**—Under doctor's care at Fifth Avenue Hotel. Broken down from strenuous work of acting and producing emotional plays.

**BLANCHE WALSH**—Forced to temporary retirement by effect of constant interpretation of emotional heroines.

**CLARA MORRIS**—Former emotional actress, confined to bed in country home at Yonkers by inflammatory rheumatism. Lecture tour interfered with.

**BEHEADED MAYOR OF FILIPINO TOWN.**

Natives Also Slew and Robbed American School Superintendent in Negros.

MANILA, Nov. 3.—Ladrones from Biliran Island crossed over to Leyte Wednesday, went to a small town near Carigara, beheaded the President—because he was friendly to the Americans. It is said—murdered his wife, slashed her body with their bolos and carried off the children they had made orphans.

Ladrones are active again in Rizal and Bulacan provinces, in Luzon. The native constabulary had two skirmishes with them last week at points close to Manila, killing several.

D. C. Montgomery, Superintendent of Schools in Oriental Negros, was murdered on Friday by Ladrones, three miles from Bacolod. Mr. Montgomery was going to Bacolod for a consultation with the retiring superintendent, and to assume control of the division.

He had a large sum of money with him. Six natives armed with bolos and spears attacked him, then mutilated and robbed him. The Constabulary have offered a reward for Mr. Montgomery's murderers and it is thought they will be captured. Robbery is understood to have been the motive for the crime.

This is the first instance of a teacher in the Philippine Islands being harmed while discharging his duty.

Mr. Montgomery leaves a widow, who is a teacher in the island of Negros.

Mr. Montgomery was a resident of Lexington, Neb., and sailed for Manila on the transport Thomas, July 23, 1901, with the teachers who were sent out at that time. The War Department has received confirmation of the death of Mr. Montgomery.

**TENANTS DRIVEN TO ROOF BY FIRE.**

Men Got Scuttle Open and Helped Woman and Children Across Housetops to Safety.

Six tenants of the house No. 198 Columbia street, Brooklyn, had a narrow escape from death in the fire which started before dawn in the shoe store of Louis Herbst on the ground floor.

The inmates of the building were Frederick Bennett, Charles Williams, Mrs. Williams and three children. All were asleep in their rooms in the upper floors when a passerby saw flames darting out of the store and turned in an alarm.

When awakened Bennett and Williams led the way down stairs, but all were driven back by the smoke. They ran to the upper floor, where the two men got the scuttle open and helped Mrs. Williams and her children to the roof.

Neighbors assisted them to the next housetop and all got to the street safely.

The fire was quickly extinguished, the damage being \$1,500.

The timely use of Sunday World Wants will strengthen the weak spots in your business.

## BELLEVUE MYSTERY, THE BLACK DEATH.

Sewer Worker is Gradually Darkening and Fatal Shadows Now Approach His Heart.

The mystery which continues to puzzle the physicians at Bellevue is the black death which is slowly overtaking Patrick McGrath, an employee of the Department of Sewers, who was taken to the hospital a short time ago, presumably suffering from typhoid fever.

Dr. Pochrenbach, however, was inclined to be sceptical about the accuracy of this diagnosis and kept a careful watch on the symptoms of the patient.

What he believed to be the man's form of sickness he did not care to say, in fact, all of the physicians in the hospital are under the instructions of the Board of Trustees not to talk about the mysterious case.

Last Friday morning, when the sick man was bedridden, it was observed that his toes had assumed a dark tinge.

Later they turned quite black, and the discoloration commenced to move slowly over his body. To-day the death shadow is near his heart, and it is feared that the man cannot be saved.

About four years ago, says McGrath's mother, he received internal injuries which may be the indirect cause of his present ailment. The hospital doctors have not as yet voiced their conclusions, but it is thought that McGrath's illness is some new form of malignant or tropical fever contracted at his work in the sewer department.

**PANIC AT FIRE IN MAIDEN LANE.**

Employees on Fifth Floor of Wodiska's Store Alarmed by Arrival of Engines.

Joseph Wodiska, a manufacturer of diamond mountings, No. 52 Maiden Lane, had his hands and face severely burned to-day while trying to extinguish a fire in his store.

A number of employees on the fifth floor on hearing the engines dash up were seized with panic and rushed for the stairway, fighting to escape. They were reassured, however, and after a few minutes went back to work.

The blaze was caused by spontaneous combustion in a heap of oil-soaked rags, used for cleaning jewelry. There was much excitement in Maiden Lane at the arrival of nearly a dozen engines and a large crowd was attracted.

Wodiska attacked the flames, which burnt fiercely in a corner at the rear of the store, trying to beat them out with his hands. He was so severely burned that an ambulance was sent for.

The surgeon dressed his injuries. The flames were extinguished by the firemen with but slight damage to the store.

**Democracy Gain in New Hampshire.**

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 2.—The vote in New Hampshire promises to be much lighter than that of two years ago, according to the opinion of the leaders of both parties. Democratic gains are likely to be registered in both branches of the Legislature.

## MABEL BOUTON MAY NEVER GET WELL.

Friends of Young Actress, However, Will Care for Her if She Leaves Hospital.

Mabel Bouton, the young actress who went to Bellevue Hospital last week, suffering with consumption, and was later removed to the Metropolitan Hospital, on Blackwells Island, is still delirious and the chances for her recovery are not favorable.

Although her way of living alienated almost every friend she had during the last days of her freedom, there are still some who are clinging to her now that her life is almost done.

Some who live in Long Branch have called at the hospital to see her. They told the Superintendent that as soon as she is strong enough to be moved—

if ever—they will take her to their home in Long Branch and do what they can for her.

The most serious feature of the actress' illness is her mental condition. Her reckless drinking not only tore down her physical strength, but affected her mentally, and it is doubtful if she ever could be herself again even with the most devoted care.

**SLEEPING GIRL A TEA-DRINKER.**

Doctor Attending Nellie Corcoran Thinks the Habit May Account for Trance Spell.

Nellie Corcoran, who slept for two weeks in St. Vincent's Hospital on the road to recovery. Her physicians said to-day that she was resting well and gaining in strength. She has taken a good quantity of milk and this seems to stimulate her.

As yet the girl seems drowsy and spends much time in sleep, but she is easily aroused, however, and talks frequently with her nurses. Her voice is much stronger and she expresses a constant desire to go home. It is probable, however, that she will remain in the institution for several weeks.

Dr. Brandenburg, who was the first to advance the theory of self-hypnotism and who has not yet abandoned it, is also of the opinion that excessive use of tea may partially account for the girl's condition.

He declares that she was inordinately fond of tea and drank it at all hours and in large quantities. He calls attention to the fact that "sleeplessness" is a complaint which afflicts many East End girls and young women who indulge freely in strong tea.

The question of recovery, he asserts, is dependent upon the physical condition of the patient and his or her ability to keep the spark of life alive until the stupor has worn off.

From a medical journal he cites that the physician in England who was the first to use tea in the treatment of the girl, insists that she was in a hypnotic trance.

"It may be wrong about this," he added, "but I worked along those lines and I succeeded. The method used was an old and simple one."

Miss Corcoran's father and mother have called to see her, but had only a brief conversation with her. They were overjoyed at the partial recovery of their daughter.

## FROHMAN'S FIRST CONCERT.

Gabrilowitch and Miss Maconda Pleased Audience at Metropolitan.

Daniel Frohman's inaugural Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House was an affair of dignity and merit. Two solo artists of distinct class were presented—Ossip Gabrilowitch, the young Russian pianist, and Carlotta Maconda, one of the best native sopranos, whose popularity in other cities lets her be heard too seldom at home.

Mr. Gabrilowitch came back after a two years' absence much matured artistically. His growth is not evidenced in his technique—so masterful, so facile that it seems a gift of nature, but in his interpretive powers he has passed the student phase and plays with authority and poise.

He chose to play the familiar D minor concerto of Rubinstein. His interpretation can hardly be questioned. He was Rubinstein's pupil and a receptive one. A colorful performance, happy in its shading and exquisite technical perfection resulted. If anything he was most effective in the sentimental and dramatic.

Later in the G minor barcarolle, played for encore, he emphasized his mastery of the dreamy delicacies of sound. The promise thereby awakened for his Chopin numbers was not fully realized. His nocturne was chaste, repressive, almost didactic. The temperamental element was not fully revealed.

Miss Maconda was ill at ease at the beginning of the aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," but she recovered herself in the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" and achieved the lofty collaborative passages with brilliant facility.

Mr. Damrosch's orchestra supported Gabrilowitch spiritedly in the concerto and the orchestra was in several individual numbers. A delighted audience was liberal and judicious with its applause.

**SCROFULA.**

I bequeath to my children Scrofula with all its attendant horrors, humiliation and suffering. This is a strange legacy to leave to posterity; a heavy burden to place upon the shoulders of the young.

This treacherous disease dwells in the body and hinders the growth and development of the faculties and the child born of blood poison, or scrofula-tainted parentage, is poorly equipped for life's duties.

Scrofula is a disease with numerous and varied symptoms; enlarged glands or tumors about the neck and armpits, catarrh of the head, weak eyes and dreadful skin eruptions upon different parts of the body show the presence of tubercular or scrofulous matter in the blood.

This dangerous and stealthy disease entrenches itself securely in the system and attacks the bones and tissues, destroys the red corpuscles of the blood, resulting in white swelling, a pallid, waxy appearance of the skin, loss of strength and a gradual wasting away of the body.

S. S. S. combines both purifying and tonic properties, and is guaranteed entirely vegetable, making it the ideal remedy in all scrofulous affections. It purifies the deteriorated blood, makes it rich and strong and a complete and permanent cure is soon effected. S. S. S. improves the digestion and assimilation of food, restores the lost properties to the blood and quickens the circulation, bringing a healthy color to the skin and vigor to the weak and emaciated body.

Write us about your case and our physicians will advise and help you without charge to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases free.

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**COAL STATISTICS.**

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To-morrow is the day when the man of this State will choose a State leader in politics. Long ago they chose a leader in the smoke line—MOGUL Cigarettes—and there has been no election since. MOGULS give everyone the satisfaction he is looking for, and are rightly priced. That's why they lead. Ten for 15c.

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## ONCE ACTOR. NOW PRIEST.

Bishop Potter Ordains Rev. W. E. Bentley, of Holy Sepulchre.

Bishop Henry C. Potter officiated yesterday morning in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Park avenue and Seventy-fourth street, at the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, who has recently been appointed rector of that church. The Bishop also confirmed a class of sixteen. Mrs. Potter accompanied the Bishop and sat in a back pew during the services. Rev. Tuttle Smith, who was the first rector of Holy Sepulchre Church, was present, together with Rev. Albert E. Bentley, a brother of the new rector, and the Rev. Mr. Lewis.

Rev. Mr. Bentley was until ten years ago an actor, having played in most of the Shakespearean roles. While playing in Boston he heard Phillips Brooks preach, and became so impressed that he felt called to enter the ministry. He has since given his time altogether to the Church. This is his first permanent charge.

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Good Sense

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Quite unlike any other shoe.

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It sets right up into the arch of the foot and does not lap over the instep.

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SOLD NOWHERE ELSE.

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## PROF. KOCH'S LYMPH INHALATION

Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Nearly three years ago I went to the doctor at 119 West 22d St., corner Broadway, and he told me I had a very bad case of asthma, and that I was very weak, my catarrh and stomach troubled me.

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Our line of suits at \$15 surprises men grown old in the business—for its general goodness and the great variety of styles and fabrics shown at this price. Old customers—those that have bought here for forty odd years—say we have even surpassed our own brilliant records. And the younger men fairly grow enthusiastic over the style and fit of the garments. For instance, the newest thing is a rough, shaggy black worsted—you won't find it anywhere else in town—except in \$20 and \$25 suits—and then there are the new greens and browns—we can't set down here the 25 different styles of cloth. Come here if you're particular and try on one of our broad-shouldered military single-breasted or three-button double-breasted Sack Suits at \$15.

Men's Suits, \$10 to \$25.

Prices here allow every man to wear the best clothing made. The man whose limit is \$10 for a winter suit is assured of as good a one as he can get for \$15 in the ordinary ready-made sort. And the man that once tries on